NUMB. CXXXII.

The GUARDIAN.

Quiſque ſuos patimur manes——

Wedneſday, Auguſt 12. 1713.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

THE following Letter was really written by a young Gentleman in a languiſhing Illneſs, which both himſelf, and thoſe who attended him, thought it impoſſible for him to outlive. If you think ſuch an Image of the State of a Man's Mind in that Circumſtance be worth Publiſhing, it is at your Service, and take it as follows.

Dear Sir,

'YOU formerly obſerved to me, that nothing 'made a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's 'Life, than the Diſparity we often find in him Sick 'and Well. Thus one of an unfortunate Conſti- 'tution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable Exam- 'ple of the Weakneſs of his Mind, or of his Body, 'in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportuni- 'ties of late to conſider my ſelf in theſe different 'Views, and hope I have received ſome Advantage 'by it. If what Mr. *Waller* ſays be true, that

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made:

'Then ſurely Sickneſs, contributing no leſs than 'old Age to the ſhaking down this Scaffolding of 'the Body, may diſcover the incloſed Structure 'more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old Age; 'it teaches us a Diffidence in our Earthly State, and 'inſpires us with the Thoughts of a future, better 'than a thouſand Volumes of Philoſophers and Di- 'vines. It gives ſo warning a Concuſſion to thoſe 'Props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, 'that we think of fortifying our ſelves within, when 'there is ſo little dependance on our Outworks. 'Youth, at the very beſt, is but a Betrayer of Hu- 'man Life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than 'Age: Tis like a Stream that nouriſhes a Plant 'upon its Bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom 'to the Sight, but at the ſame time is undermining 'it at the Root in ſecret. My Youth has dealt more 'fairly and openly with me; it has afforded ſeveral 'Proſpects of my Danger, and given me an Advan- 'tage not very common to young Men, that the 'Attractions of the World have not dazzled me 'very much: and I began where moſt People end, 'with a full Conviction of the Emptineſs of all 'ſorts of Ambition, and the unſatisfactory Nature 'of all human Pleaſures.

'When a ſmart Fit of Sickneſs tells me this 'Scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little 'time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt 'Hibernian, who (being in Bed in the great Storm 'ſome Years ago, and told the Houſe would tum- 'ble over his Head) made Anſwer, *What care I for 'the Houſe? I am only a Lodger.*

'I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in 'the beſt Humour, and ſo exceſſively weak as I 'now am, I may ſay with Conſcience, that I'm 'not at all uneaſie at the Thought that many Men, 'whom I never had any Eſteem for, are likely to 'enjoy this World after me. When I reflect what 'an inconſiderable little Atome every ſingle Man is, 'with reſpect to the whole Creation, methinks 'tis 'a Shame to be concerned at the Removal of ſuch a 'trivial Animal as I am. The Morning after my '*Exit*, the Sun will riſe as bright as ever, the 'Flowers ſmell as ſweet, the Plants ſpring as green, 'the World will proceed in its old Courſe, People 'will laugh as heartily, and Marry as faſt, as they 'were uſed to do. *The Memory of Man* (as it is 'elegantly expreſt in the Wiſdom of *Solomon*) *paſſeth 'away as the remembrance of a Gueſt that tarrieth 'but one Day.* There are Reaſons enough, in the 'fourth Chapter of the ſame Book, to make any 'young Man contented with the Proſpect of Death. '*For honourable Age is not that which ſtandeth in 'length of Time, or is meaſured by number of Years. 'But Wiſdom is the gray Hair to Men, and an un- 'ſpotted Life is old Age.* He was taken away ſpee- 'dily, leſt that *Wickedneſs ſhould alter his Under- 'ſtanding, or Deceit beguile his Soul.*

I am,

Yours.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq*; *Greeting.*

Old Dadd,

'I Am ſo happy as to be the Husband of a Wo- 'man that never is in the Wrong, and yet is 'at continual War with every body, eſpecially with 'all her Servants, and my ſelf. As to her Maids, 'ſhe never fails of having at leaſt a dozen or four- 'teen in each Year, yet never has above one at a 'time, and the laſt that comes is always the worſt 'that ever ſhe had in her Life; although they have 'given very good Content in better Families than 'mine for ſeveral Years together: Not that ſhe has 'the Pleaſure of turning them away, but ſhe does 'ſo Ferrit them about, *Forſooth* and *Miſtreſs* them 'up, and ſo find fault with every thing they do, and 'talks to them ſo *loud* and ſo *long*, that they either 'give her immediate Warning, or march off with- 'out any Wages at all: So that thro' her great Zeal 'and Care to make them better Servants than any 'in the World, and their Obſtinacy in being no 'better than they can, our Houſe is a ſort of *Bed- 'lam*, and nothing in Order; for by that time a

'Maid

(Price Two Pence.)

Maid comes to know where things ſtand, whip, ſhe is gone, and ſo we han't another in four or five Days, and this all the Year round: As to my ſelf, all the World believes me to be one of the beſt of Husbands, and I am of the World's Mind till my dear *Patient Grizzell* comes to give her Opinion about me, and then you would believe I am as bad as her Maids. Oh, Mr. IRONSIDE, never was Woman uſed as ſhe is! The World does not think how unhappy ſhe is! I am a Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing. And then, her Neighbours are ſo ill-natur'd, that they refuſe to ſuffer her to ſay what ſhe pleaſes of their Families, without either returning her Compliments, or withdrawing from her Oratory; ſo that the poor Woman has ſcarcely any Society Abroad, nor any Comfort at Home, and all thro the Saucineſs of Servants, and the Unkindneſs of a Husband that is ſo cruel to her, as to deſire her to be quiet. But ſhe is coming. I am in haſte,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Nicolas Earring.

SIR,

I Hope you'll not endure this Dumb Club, for I am the lucky Spouſe of one of thoſe Gentlemen, and when my Dear comes from this joyleſs Society I am an impertinent, noiſie Rattle-Snake, my Maid's a ſawcy Sow, the Man's a thick-ſkull'd Puppy, and ſounders like a Horſe, my Cook's a tatleleſs Aſs, and if a Child cry, the Maid's a careleſs Bear; if I have Company, they are a parcel of chattering Mag-Pies; if abroad, I am a giggling Goose; when I return, You are a fine Galloper; Women, like Cats, ſhould keep the Houſe. This is a frequent Sentence with him. Conſider ſome Remedy againſt a Temper that ſeldom ſpeaks, and then ſpeaks only Unkindneſs. This will be a Relief to all thoſe miſerable Women who are married to the worſt of Tempers, the Sullen; more eſpecially to

Your Diſtreſſed Appellant,

Goody Dump.

Friend NESTOR,

YOUR Brother *Tremble* having lately given thee wholſome Advice concerning Tuckers, I lend thee a Word of Counſel touching thy ſelf: Verily thou haſt found great Favour with the godly Siſters. I have read in that myſterious Book called *Eſop*'s Fables, how once upon a Time an Aſs arrayed himſelf in the Skin of a Lion, thereby deſigning to appear as one of the Mighty: But behold the Vanity of this World was ſoon light, the Spirit of Untruth became altogether naked. When the vain glorious Animal opened his Jaws to roar, the lewd Voice of an Aſs braying was heard in the Mountains. Friend, Friend, let the Moral of this ſink deep into thy Mind, the more thou pondereſt thereon, the fitter thou wilt become for the Fellowſhip of the Faithful: We have every Day more and more hopes of thee, but between thee and me, when thou art converted, thou muſt take to thee a Scripture-Name: One of thy writing Brethren wore a very good Name, he was intitled *Iſaac*, but now ſleepeth. *Jacob* ſaieth by Bookſeller weily, verily NESTOR ſoundeth *Babylonijh* in the Ears of thy Well-wiſher and conſtant Reader,

The third Day of the Week prophanely called *Tueſday*. *Ruth Prim.*

SIR,

NOtwithſtanding your grave Advice to the Fair Sex not to lay the Beauties of their Necks ſo open, I find they mind you ſo little, that we young Men are in as much Danger as ever. Yeſterday, about ſeven in the Evening, I took a turn with a Gentleman, juſt come to Town, in a publick Walk. We had not walk'd above two Rounds, when the Spark, on a ſudden, pretended Wearineſs, and as I importun'd him to ſtay longer, he turn'd ſhort, and pointing to a celebrated Beauty, What (ſaid he) do you think I am made of, that I ſhould bear the Sight of ſuch ſnowy Breaſts? oh! ſhe is intolerably handſome! Upon this we parted, and I reſolv'd to take a little more Air in the Garden, yet avoid the Danger by caſting my Eyes downwards; but to my unſpeakable Surpriſe, I diſcovered, in the ſame fair Creature, the fineſt Ankle and prettieſt Foot that ever Fancy imagined. If the Petticoats, as well as the Stays, thus diminiſh, what ſhall we do, dear NESTOR? if 'tis neither ſafe to look at the Head nor the Feet of the Charmer, whither ſhall we direct our Eyes? I need not trouble you with any further Deſcription of her, but I beg you would conſider that your Words are frail, and mortal.

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

Epimetrius.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mr. BROOKE (formerly in Partnerſhip with Mr. Hellier) gives Notice, that on Thurſday, the 10th inſtant, he will open a Vault under the Corner Houſe of Park Place in St. James's-ſtreet, for the Sale of Net Natural French Wine at 25 l. per Hogſhead, and 2 s. 3 d. per Quart: and on Tueſday, the firſt of September following, he will open a Vault in Nags-head Court in Birchin-lane, near behind the Royal Exchange, for the Sale of Port Wine at 2 s. 6 d. per Quart, Canary 2 s. per Quart, and French Wine at 2 s. 3 d. per Quart. The ſame Day he will alſo open the Bumper Tavern in James ſtreet Covent-Garden, for French Wines only at 2 s. 6 d. per Quart within Doors. Note, That to prevent a Practice which the ſaid Mr. Brooke often detected of the Perſons ſent to his Houſes and Cellars for Wine, going to other Places for the ſame, (which occaſioned Gentlemen's having bad Wine and ſhort Meaſure impoſed on them) Printed Receipts will therefore be given for the Money received for any Quantity of Wine ſent, for that is not leſs than a Gallon.

AT the Requeſt of ſeveral Perſons of Quality who came on Monday laſt to the Mathematical WATER THEATRE in the late Ingenious Mr. Winſtanly when the Houſe was full, the ſame will be performed again this Evening at 5 of the Clock, viz. The curious Barrel will be made a Spring Garden, entertaining the Boxes and Pit with Cool Tankards, Biskets, Spaw Water, Milk, Ale, Beer, Syllabubs, Cake, and Cheeſe-cakes, Fruit and Flowers playing Water; and a very delightful Part will be added to the 3 Parts that are uſually performed; there is Galatheus flight from Polypheme, and as ſhe is carried in State by Neptune attended by many Figures all playing of Water, and ſome with Fire mingling with Water, then will be a great Tempeſt of Thunder and Lightning, and burning Flames falling in great Cataracts of Water, to the Expence of 300 Tuns extraordinary. Boxes 3 s. Pit 2 s. 6 d. Firſt Gallery 1 s. 6 d. Upper Gallery 6 d. This is at the lower End of Piccadilly towards Hide Park, and is ſhown for the Benefit of his Widow.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.